Die Leere Mitte

Random Access Journal

B E R L I N

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#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
printf("Hello, Berlin!");
return 0;
}
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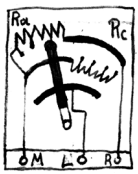

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Guidelines

Broadly accepted: Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.
Texts: poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format*: Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages*: Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.
Visual: 1-3 B&W images. *Format*: jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through KDP/lulu for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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Sparkling Soldiers

You have to
Try to fly:
If you learn
That trick you
Can stroke the sky.
Never wonder why;
We do it because
One day we will die.

You Take Two

You take
Two and I
Take two too.
Neither of us
Is anywhere near
Having the
Four we need.
We need to
Work together:
Give me
Your two.

Oil

I tried to strike
Oil but only
Found soil.
I traded my soil for
Oil but that
Oil turned out
To be dust.
I'm still poor but
I was born poor so
Whatever.

Love Letters

I wrote words that were
Wet when we needed
Them to be warm.
You wrote words that
Explained my words as horrid so
I told everyone you were a liar and
We used your words to make a fire.

Judgement

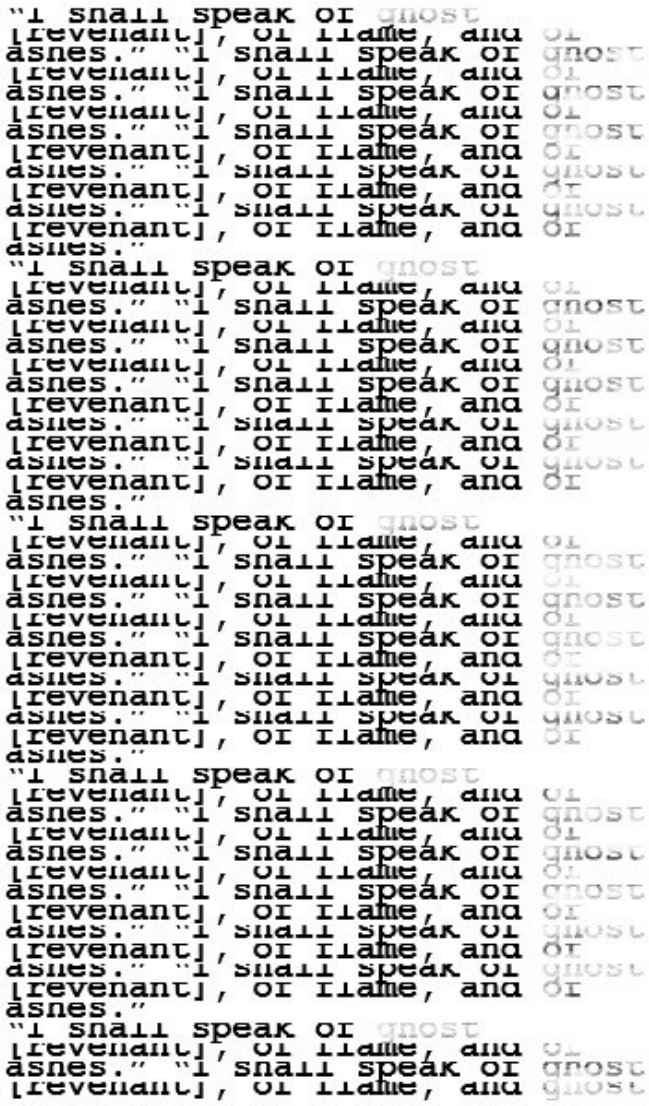
Maybe men
Made Mars.

Fool's Gold

He hits her.
We see.
We call the police.
They say he
Has diplomatic immunity.

Buzzing Brass

The fly flutters
Like pages in a breeze.
Do you think he
Can see me?
Do you think he
Understands that
I am also a beast?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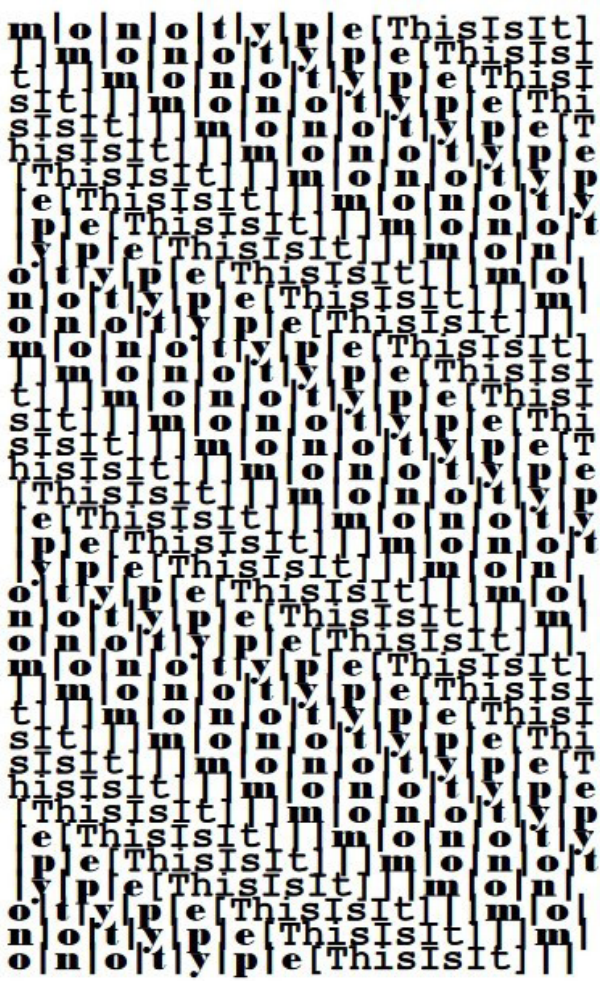
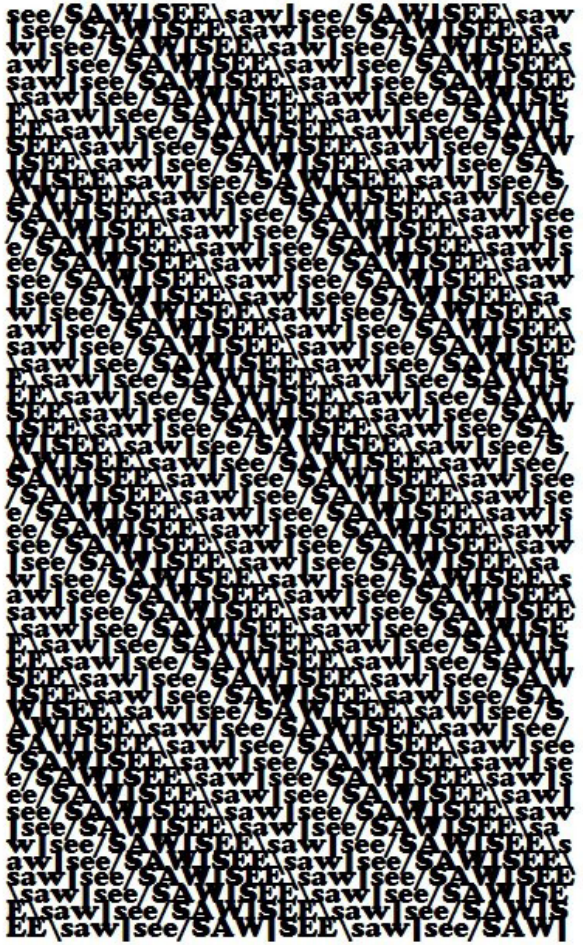
ashes." "I shall speak of ghost
[revenant], or flame, and ghost

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de *VULTURNE*

Quand tu vacilles au sommet du désespoir,
Lorsque les larmes sont rebelles,
Lorsque les larmes sont taries,
Monte au-dessus des hommes.
Mais qu'est-ce qu'il a à monter tout le temps, riant et pleurant, ce monsieur rouge et noir ?
Il a du chagrin.

Voilà. Ça a eu le cœur élevé dans du coton,
Et ça souffre.
Donne un coup de pied ! Il y a le sens, il faut le chercher
Comme on cherche un ressort secret.
Quand tu l'as trouvé
Tu marches sur toutes ces têtes en proue de systématiques,
Sur tous ces yeux de basse-cour,
Tu es sauvé !

Je ne veux pas me laisser prendre! Je ne serai pas fait de sitôt! Je ne suis pas encore bonard !
J'aime mieux y laisser ma peau de veston, comme un voleur !
J'aime mieux y laisser une patte en gage, comme une sauterelle !

Hop-là! Sautez! Sauvé du compartimentage, de toutes ces cellules et de toutes ces boîtes les unes dans les autres, des salles

from *VULTURNUS*

When you quiver on the brink of despair,
When the tears resist,
When the tears run dry,
Ascend above other men.
But what's with this red and black gentleman ascending all the time, laughing and crying?
He's sorrowful.

So. His heart is wrapped in cotton wool,
And he suffers.
Give it a kick! There is meaning but you have to search for it
As one searches for a secret spring.
When you find it
You step over all those heads at the prow of systematic thought,
Over all those barnyard eyes,
You're saved!

I won't let myself get caught! I'll not be made so easily! I'm not done for yet!
I'd rather shed my jacket, like a thief!
I'd rather shed a leg as a guarantee, like a grasshopper!

Hop to it! Jump! Saved from compartmentalization, from all these cells and all these boxes nested one inside the other, from the chambers of Taineian police, from all these ink-

de police tainiennes, de toutes ces mouches encriphiles, des yeux captifs, des larmes d'ornière, de touts ces rayons qui pèchent par la clef, de tout cet échiquier de chair où broutent les ludions de l'amour !

Ai-je donné malgré moi le coup de pied qui chasse les hommes, ou si j'ai laissé passer l'heure ?

Une voix tonnante et silencieuse m'aspire comme un retour de flamme. Une abîme s'ouvre sous mes pas.

– Je monte !

Plus de composition possible. Les choses se composent d'elles-mêmes. D'en haut les passants chargent mollement, la figure en l'air. Qu'est-ce qui se passe ? Est-ce que ça commence ? Est-ce pour moi ? Je vois s'enfoncer les maisons, leurs chapeaux de fer, puis ce sont les tours, puis les clochers, touts les espadons, puis les fumées… Une locomotive se fâche dans une gare, pas plus fort qu'un siphon dans un apéritif… Tout n'est plus que bulles, puis tout s'adoucit. La maladie de peau guérit à vue d'œil… Une cloche arrive comme un moustique; un fil de musique, un fil de fumée presque imperceptibles se prolongent, où protestent tous les clairons, toutes les montagnes, tous les tribuns, tous les canons dans l'étendue, tout ce qui lâche la vapeur, toutes les maisons, derniers appels, uhau sanglot roux cage tombée la pipe en feu la suit fini…

fearing flies, from the captive eyes, from the tear tracks, from all these rays which sin by the key, from the whole chessboard of flesh where love's dancers graze!

Did I kick out in spite of myself to drive others away, or did I let the opportunity pass?

A thundering, silent voice draws me in like a flame rekindled. An abyss opens beneath my feet.

– I ascend!

Composition no longer possible. Things compose themselves. From high above, the passers-by charge half-heartedly, their faces in the air. What's happening? Is it really starting? Is it for me? I see the houses sinking, their iron hats, then the towers, then the steeples, all the swords, then the smoke… A locomotive lashes out at a station, but no louder than a straw in an aperitif… Everything is merely bubbles, then everything mollifies. That skin condition heals before your very eyes… A bell comes in like a mosquito; a thread of music, a thread of smoke almost imperceptibly prolonged amidst the protests of all the bugles, all the mountains, all the tribunes, all the cannons in the expanse, all that gives off steam, all the houses, last calls, boohoo, weeping roux, fallen cage, the lit pipe, all follow it to the end.

CHANSON DU PLUS LÉGER QUE LA MORT

À toute vitesse par assises chaudes
Qui se cristallisent dans la hauteur
Nous coupons la fête ! Ce n'est pas Montmartre !
Ce n'est pas en bas
Quand le canon tonne !
Ce n'est pas la guerre
Aux parcs mugissants !
Nous sommes les hommes sans murailles !
Nous montons en chœur dans la musique !

Chacun à sa baraque
Les dieux font la parade
Petits dieux qui racolent
Le feu qui dans l'espace
Mêle les vérités !
Par ici la mystique
Ici la vraie la seule
Le sanhédrin spirite
Le polypier des schismes
La scissiparité
Du concile de Trente
Le pet des manitous
Le pas des cannibales
Les massacres d'idoles
Le sang de Coligny !
Par ici les beaux-arts
Le basalte de Bach
Le bûcher de Wagner
Rembrandt et Michel-Ange

SONG OF ONE LIGHTER THAN DEATH

At full speed, through hot stages
Which crystallise at height
We crash the party! But this isn't Montmartre!
It's not down below
When the cannon roars!
It's not the war
Of thundering gardens!
We are the men without walls!
We ascend in chorus to the music!

Each to their own hut
The gods parade past
Little gods who solicit
The fire that off in space
Muddles the eternal verities!
This way for mysticism
Here the one, the only
The spiritual Sanhedrin
The polyp colony of schisms
The binary fission
Of the Council of Trent
The gas of manitous
The footfall of cannibals
The massacres of idols
The blood of Coligny!
This way for the fine arts
The basalt of Bach
The pyre of Wagner
Rembrandt and Michelangelo

La foudre faite chair !
Par ici les penseurs
Les bouteilles des doctrines
Les aludels des systèmes
Les flacons des hypotheses
Les spirochètes d'idées
Qui vont à toute vitesse
Sur l'ardente glace, assez !

The thunderbolt made flesh!
This way for the thinkers
The flasks of doctrines
The aludels of systems
The vials of hypotheses
The spirochaetes of ideas
That go at full speed
Over the burning ice, enough!

VOIX DU HAUT PARLEUR

Je suis souvent descendu parmi vous. J'ai baigné vos pointes et mes montagnes, comme un nuage. Vous ne m'avez jamais deviné dans les grandes ombres qui passaient. Je trempais la race toute petite, dont la rumeur se rapprochait ! J'atterrissais sur toutes ces têtes-grandeur-naturelle, qui me regardaient sans me voir avec un sourire de raffinement qui m'a parfois désorienté. Je ne me reconnaissais plus. Je suis sorti de vous. Je suis rentré en vous. Mais vous couriez ! Et vous tapiez ! Et ces squelettes gantés de chair qui faisaient vibrer leurs instruments à cordes, à touches et à mort ! Tous ces engins, tous ces cerveaux, tous ces tragins, toutes ces pistoles ! Tout ce mat et ce larmoyant ! J'étais vos mains, votre métier, vos yeux sanglants, votre endoscope, votre niche rouge ! Ah j'ai tout vu ! J'ai senti l'odeur de vos souliers, de vos maladies, de vos primeurs, de votre guerre, de votre amour…

Il vous me fallait, plus près de moi. J'ai levé l'ancre.

Qui aime bien châtie bien.

C'était assez. Votre intelligence. Contraire à mon rythme. Massacre de mon harmonie, rupture de mon identité qui est aveugle, sourde, une et indivisible.

C'est par elle que l'homme se limitait à l'homme.

Incapables d'un clin d'œil sûr, et de se plaquer sur mon objet sans bavardage de l'esprit, vos penseurs faisaient des prix de revient qu'ils rataient toujours.

Vos idées, vos mots n'avaient ni noyau ni sauce, ni qualité, ni substance. De petits échos, déchets sonores de la force. Des rapports épileptiques, une mathématique inconsciente. Pas autre chose.

Ils divisaient mon principe actif. Ils bassinaient mon unité

VOICE OVER LOUDSPEAKER

I have often descended among you. I bathed your peaks and my mountains, like a cloud. You never suspected me in the great passing shadows. I flooded the tiny race, whose murmur drew closer and closer! I landed on all those life-sized heads, which looked upon me without seeing, with a smile of refinement that at times disoriented me. I no longer recognized myself. I emerged from you. I returned inside of you. But you were running! And you were striking! And those skeletons gloved in flesh who would excite to vibrations their instruments of strings, of keys, and of death! tragics, all those pistols! All this dullness and melancholy! I was your hands, your trade, your bloodshot eyes, your endoscope, your red alcove! Ah, I saw it all! I smelled the odour of your shoes, your illnesses, your first harvests, your war, your love…

I needed you, closer to me. I weighed anchor.

The loving hand holds the rod.

It was enough. Your intellect. Contrary to my rhythm. Massacre of my harmony, rupture of my identity, which is blind, deaf, one and indivisible.

It was through this that man limited himself to man.

Incapable of winking with confidence, and of focusing on my goal without the babble of the mind, your thinkers made cost price estimates that they always missed.

Your ideas, your words had neither pit nor sauce, neither quality nor substance. The little echoes, resounding wastes of force. Epileptic associations, thoughtless mathematics. Nothing more.

They divided my active principle. They droned on about my metaphysical unity.

métaphysique.

Au lieu de chercher de quoi et pour quoi les choses étaient faites, il fallait aimer les choses pour elles-mêmes.

Vous n'arriviez pas à l'état animal de l'intelligence.

Vous ne saviez pas communier.

Vos sentiments ? Vous aviez mal au ventre.

Assez !

De l'expérience à l'hypothèse, de l'idée à la pensée, de la pensée à la parole, de la parole à la mystique, de la mystique au cri de désir,

petits garçons, parlez encore un peu sous moi, dans l'infini rouleur aux bruits d'éclats de verre étrangement sonores…

Et puis, ne nommez plus ce qui ne se nomme pas.

Rien… Tout ! Rien. Tranquilles. Rentrez dans l'ignorance lumineuse.

Instead of seeking what and why things were made, one should have loved things for themselves.

You hadn't even reached the animal stage of intelligence.

You didn't know how to commune.

Your feelings? You had a stomach ache.

Enough!

From experience to hypothesis, from idea to thought, from thought to speech, from speech to mysticism, from mysticism to the cry of desire,

little boys, keep talking a little more beneath me, in the infinitely rolling noise of strangely sonorous glass shattering…

But then, cease to name what cannot be named.

Nothing… Everything! Nothing. Quiet. Return to luminous ignorance.

Léon-Paul Fargue (1876–1947) was a French poet and essayist. Often called a 'post-symbolist', he was a key link between the Mallarméan Symbolistes and the Surrealists. He is known for his intensely metaphysical prose poetry, and perspicacious observations of Parisian life.

Chris Holdaway (1989–) is a poet, publisher, and translator from Aotearoa New Zealand. He is the author of Gorse Poems (Titus Books, 2022) and the director of arts publisher Compound Press. He translates poetry into English from French, German, and Spanish.

Grievous bodily harmony

Rudimentary apparatus for

A honeycomb fungal spore

Fermentation of effluvia

Proven falsetto homily

Slick, ingrown, and anodyne

Use me for at least beautiful benefit;
let flesh fill or like water bend
to teeth or a hand's impression.

Like warmth I burst through or wish into
all over like pleasure.

Walk hand over hoof
tall and crawling, blurred beast.

Take me in hands,
blood vessels, mouth, take me
anywhere I'm cold. High times
amid active threats, wood plank walk.

Squalls roll in from mother ships yonder
the concept atomic:

brief ecstasy then gone.

Split like limbs are insects. Spare no snarl.
Splat like bug!

You have the skinnest thin, twig for branches;
You're such a bunch of stumps!

Just from the shadow I'll remember you/
Made a vellum map, scrawled X,
Left it with your remnants among red/
Herring, cruel herring, sleepy and creepy herring.

You are an apoplectic mass, pure geometric gas;
You're a great deal of gardens grey.

You are not confused:
God is an illusion,
Ask the Nephilim—
Chewing soothes them.

You broke the entire time/
You broke your own heart.

Crabula of the Bloodsuck Nebula,
Forager of forbidden fruit, I sacrifice
Progeny and cattle for your prosperity;
King of the pig farm
Because I slop the most mud, take the first bite,
Place the crime scene inside me.

You had the flimsiest whimsies, dear old stab-backer;
Your disparate bits will someday flood from soil.

Tempting, to doubt whatever's going on here—
approach with jaguar and cricket intentions.

I didn't come with a plan, but an idea:
coagulate until I am the oneness, last half-picked scab.

You're supposed to smoke until the bag is empty.

From chalice to crucifix, yours decently - the In Fix

Ahh, the good life! Autopilot, pool side, a spell
forgetful off the hemlock, crooked in the orchard,

one among many decent lucidities.
I will miss all of us Xanthium on the abdomen of colossi.

You're supposed to smoke until the bag is empty.

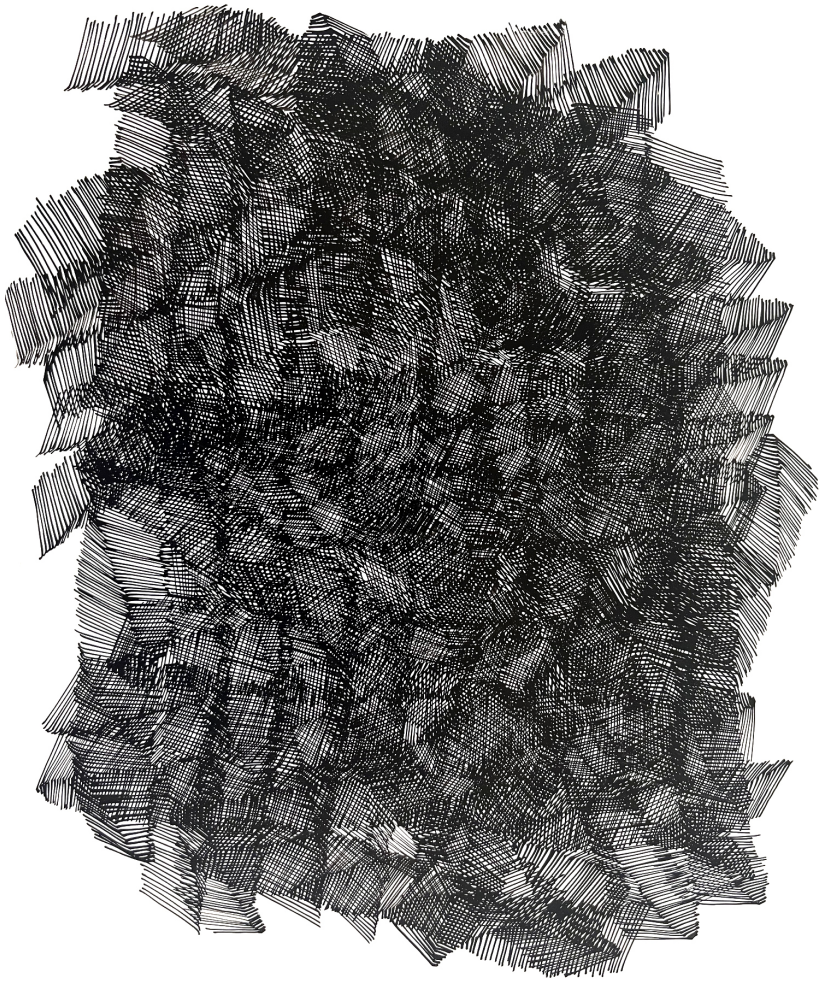
Consider my exploit as a very careful consequence.

Such ensnaring bliss: I invoke my wrongs as vibrant
balm applied to the peeled skin of our inconsistencies.

If you can manage, you may take your leave
as long as your concept of leaving is limber.

Werner Preuß · *Zeichnung, Pinsel, Tusche, 1972*

Feder/Tusche, 1972



Collage, 1969

FERRETING
Numb, he questioned us. Stars appeared.

PEACEFUL IDEAL
Distracted, she dug, claiming the bedrock.

EXPANDING
The stone set, he answered it.

HER EXAMPLE
They heeded her. She lost faith.

PLACING
We surrendered on learning our names.

PUSHING BACK
Water scarce, she broke the stones.

SHARED SPACE
The mountain shone. He found shadows.

SETTLING IN
We secured homes. The river dried.

LAST HOLD
He leapt, stifled, then saw far.

RELIEF'S OPPORTUNITY
Upset, we tussled, cracking the wall.

FLOW
Hunger failing, they removed the dam.

BLACK TEARS
The flowers opened during a fire.

VAMPIRE
Hard, withered, she seized another home.

NEW CLAIM
He failed, tiring. The moss spread.

WARMTH
Friends gathered, their jailor right behind.

ALLEGIANCE
They argued, heating. We trusted snow.

SEEKING DEPTH
He carved stone, forgoing his name.

APPEASEMENT
He sought place. Snow held him.

GodSpaciousness embraces us
embodied sidelessly,
GodSun dawning on
dead center
&
horizon-free
unseen/beholdingly;
unaffected by adhesion
to mortality.

oh no

Thought-free understanding cultivates effortlessly,
constant making GodLove with this very instantly.

Wisdom wordlessly!

Well shut my mouth.

Oh no—continue
pointing poetry.

really like a lotus

Contact with deLightning strikes
Up GodSun of no rays, [this]
constant/instant where eternal recognition
stays, really like a lotus undyed by
mind muddy pool...
thought-free fresh discovery on
natural renewal.

Mindstar
dewdrop(s)
all GodSun still/leap true
unity, uncontaminated by 3D idolatry,
all ways unattached to dust to dust
embracingly : free from ego
shadow
bright
I AM intimacy.

dry marination

Immortal just [this] moment
atom space transparency
(enskulled GodSun) now mindstars
midmost meaningfully,
calm & alertly, marinating
dry as sunshine
moonlit
undersea.

"The worst reality possible is that the universe is conscious"
Every year of progress refines the language of suffering
This is why mature can't sympathise with young
A perfect society has covered every issue
Thus, every small itch is one day in spotlight
"As small as I am, one day I'll be dealt with
Erase myself by finding my home"
Self-sentence wish imposes a time limit
"The universe expands, that's hopefully distracting"
The scale is cosmic, both the place and the task
Details still count, though

A random point in space, the inception
Nourished and healthy, purpose lasting centuries
Return to Earth

Mostly empty according to senses
Calling the unknown is a dangerous game
Dimension eaters and cosmic dust purifiers?
Quietly pay attention in the night of a forest

Base temperature rules out a further three planets
A comet belt raises this number to four
That means, too hot! "Solar system is now ruled out"
Escape plan routine, mental arithmetic after good sleep

Vantage points reveal the galaxy's type
Only perimeter is what is worth checking
Working on a larger theory

Mental movement measured by self against self, this seems very
dangerous

"The Greeks before us would be with their Gods"
A foetus would walk its womb to the cosmos

Body map directs but the news isn't good
A glimmer of hope every second to third century
Awesome in beauty and awful intimidation
"I've fallen in love with this vast, crushing backdrop"

Fighting the laughable, utter futility
Infinite time and infinite will, success guaranteed! (Forget the
obvious counter argument)

A core component is diligent transcription
Willing into existence creative solutions to ignore
Imprisoned by idleness, interrupted by heartbreak

Life's waveform lengthens like zooming out from a map
Patterns promise centuries of sadness
You'll notice these milestones occur frequently eventually

Propagation through time; a zipper locking history
Occupant, environment, united by an individual struggle for
ignorance

Tear ducts will push an eyelash away
Noses and ears will catch foreign objects
But what if a hair was caught behind an eyeball?
Or got through the hole in the drum before healing?
What if this happened before modern medicine?
A soul got caught in a person before birth?
All human suffering, a machine factory accident
Remaining until inevitable rot, the Earth is the same

Tears of fury would fight to ignore it
Curing tinnitus by avoiding quiet spaces
A conscious universe impaired and frustrated

The fight is between ignored and ignorant
To abstain from a person never before felt merciful
To give people meaning we tell them to find it
Correctly telling people what not to do
Living this fringe is perfect for cinema
"An opera of stars who find me annoying
Inflicting more harm, I beg to be trivial"
These thoughts are thought during a period of patience
This patience is demanded, it takes time to reach planets
Perpetually debilitating the love I love most
I love you, I'm sorry, I'm trying to leave you
Process of elimination removes me completely

It's 4:30am and I'm trying to write a poem about yellow grapefruit but all I can think about is kumquats: eating the peel, the difference between biting one in half and crunching one whole. My first image of the grapefruit was *sour bolus, pachyderm's medicine ball.* Then I drifted into kumquat territory, *kumquat: driest citrus, counter-intuitive to the Canadian orange juice genealogy of citrus, reluctant freshly squeezed, withholding just to spite us as we taste our own breakfast thirsts. Golden bezoar of the brown bag lunch, Puckish recess snack without mess of fuss, but startling that is neither bursts nor crunches, small enough to palm while on the monkey bars, or pocket for a contraband munch between library bookshelves. Rare glistening gem – there is always someone who's never heard of kumquat and has to ask a teacher if it is real; too powerful a name that smacks of taboo, to mundane a body so small, so scented, unseen until suddenly in the mouth of a friend.* 4:30am says the round clock and the dark sky. The plural of grapefruit is not grapefreet; the plural of kumquat is not kumqueet; but they should be, says the feeling in my mouth as I say them aloud. My grapefruit has a pet kumquat, my poem begins with a walk to the dog park. No words follow. Only images of a grapefruit jogging leglessly with a kumquat obediently keeping pace. Why can't I write about grapefruit at 4:30am? The hour is ideal. I have not eaten kumquat in years. I have not eaten a single kumquat in years. What citrophiliac fascination has seized me, why silence the grapefruit ode? Does my spiritual elephant send me a prescription for a medicine I must take? When I find it, will I learn why?

that sizzle under his wingtips...
back from selling Sinatra's bow tie on South Street

a line forming
to sniff the bread
in the half-table kitchen

another leaf on the path
he's asking again
about prime numbers

her butterfly chairs stolen
there's no place to rest
on the wind

when the call of the gray squirrel was for someone else

mapping Callisto with a parallel being

'Cherry Angioma'...
playing connect the dots
in a dream of Brigitte Bardot

please ignore his spider in the sink prophecies

popping a beta blocker...
once more
around the sun

the arthritic bricklayer has taken the morning sun
on the left shoulder
of Christ

sand reckoners sending encrypted messages
from the physical safety of their underground war rooms

this reconstructed monster
isn't eating acorns and berries
in the gloomy forest

laugh-track 'sweetening' inanities
on a trash day
in October

a leader who doesn't mind
drinking warm water
from a tin cup

that time
I touched
Hieronymus
it seemed queer
and not
the way
it tasted
on a dream tongue -
imagining
is without sweat
odor
        exists
in that free area
between
action and consequence
shadow and release –
        but flesh
is more
than outline
limits the want
to the fabric
of the possible -
        in truth
Hieronymus
once everything
had a name change
        is now Paul
who only comes with
some things

Flaunt

They call me
little lord flaunteroy.

You know who you are.
The suburban set.
The mindset.

My life story
has all the elements
of whispers behind my back.

So what.
They should see me on a trampoline.

Can't have live and let live.
That would require too much cooperation
on their part.

The fact is
you don't get to choose your own butt.
Though some guy where I work
recommends monkey gland extract.

(Factors beyond my control –
hear hear
beyond their comprehension –
hear hear)

They say beggars can't be seducers.
But they've never heard my prissy voice.

My Followers

Gay – the something I am
that keeps following me.

The footsteps that never tire.
The drumbeat.
The cry
(from inside sometimes) –
You! Yeah You!

Not even the beach is safe.
Family crawl out of the sea.
I shrug it off
though I'm throwing away
my chance of being welcomed back in.

The weirdness of the morning,
waking up in a head and body
that some would swear are malformed
but get no resistance from the sun.

I ignore the heavy shoes
wiping themselves on my welcome mat.

Knock all you want.
I can answer for myself
but not for you.

malerische vorstadt

unterm sonnenaufgang
des vorgartens lagert
ein rotes sofa.

es wurde von blaumännern
in abgewetzter montur
über die giebel der stadt gewuchtet.

darauf drapiert: eine rüstige oma,
gegen mittag noch murmelnd
im fleckigen leintuch.

„es ist, wie es ist“,
sagte der zyniker,
und sah, dass es gut war.

eines muss man
IHM lassen: für kitsch
war ER nie zu haben.

oxymora

frei.kirche
glaubens.wahrheit
gottes.beweis

frühstart

schon pränatal
auf stress gepolt,
von daseins zwängen
eingeholt,

nur kälte, krampf,
viel angst und zweifel,
kein leben, scheiße,
hol's der teufel!

schmidtchen schleicher – janus & narziss

im scherenschritt schlenkernd,
elastisch die beinchen,
trägt ES der artigkeit
größe spazieren

& kündet von dritter
seite bewundern:
„ach, hätte doch jeder
bloß solch einen kopf!“

so heuchelt bescheidenheit
oft ES & gern auch
teilt ES narzissmus
mit sich & der welt

& orgelt stets hoch
zu ross auch kritik nur,
das widerwort rächt ES
besonnen & kalt!

facharztgattin – so:nett

sie sonnt ihre tage
im tanga parlierend,
am pool & mit iphone,
bei champus & pop;

die patek ums gelenk, pudert
sie eifrig das näschen,
als wäre ihr luxus
geburtsrecht, vergnügen

verdienst für ein ewig
währendes leben,
rudert ihr leerer

blick durch gut zwanzig
hektar privatfaktor
dreikommafünf.

vegan 5-3

vegan ist couscous
als salat,
vegan auch kunststoff
mit phtalat,

vegan sind gore-tex
und vinyl,
vegan nicht alles,
aber viel:

vegan ist wasser,
ist die luft,
vegan das pulver,
das verpufft,

vegan sind schminke,
schuhe, hut,
veganes outfit
macht sich gut,

vegan sind smartphone,
dildo, geld,
vegan scheint vielen
auch, was zählt:

das leben selbst gar,
liebe, glück,
vegan voran, nur
nie zurück!

vegan sind lächeln
und auch kuss,
vegan, was männchen
machen muss,

vegan der frauen

gunst und lust,
(vegan nicht ganz so
meist ihr frust,)

vegan und kurz selbst
gattins gruß,
ihr kommen, kunft auch,
und genuss,

– doch *nicht* vegan ist,
was verscharrt,
dereinst auf wurm und
made starrt,

und auch nicht mehr, was
still zerstückt,
tief unt' auf wurm und
made blickt,

was mad' und wurm dann
ganz am end',
wenn gut verdaut, recht
gründlich kennt!

gattin

house-
keeper

kümmer-
kamerad

kinds-
mutter

mit-
bewohner

neben-
schläfer

ehe-
~~gattin~~

~~frau~~
~~weib~~

?
vertrag!

drei phrasen – bei licht betrachtet

(astro-) glaube: *„die sterne lügen nicht.“*

stimmt: ... mondkrater, schlittschuhe und kichererbsen auch nicht!

(billig-) trost: *„es hätte schlimmer kommen können.“*

stimmt: ... wem der linke arm abgerissen, dem bleibt ja immerhin der rechte ... – und fürs nächste mal sind auch noch beine da!

(pseudo-) logik: *„wer heilt, hat recht.“*

stimmt: ... und er trägt stets weiße kittel, spielt immer golf, tanzt salsa und backt sachertorten, und ... – *wer recht hat, heilt?*